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MAINE FARMER.

"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

Salting Hay in the mow.

We spoke last week of the practice of not drying clover hay much before it was housed, in order to save the leaves and the juices of the stem. Some farmers merely wilt it, and then stow it away carefully, adding a bushel of salt to the ton, which has been found to be effective. The salt absorbs the moisture from the clover, and thereby becomes dissolved, and thus saves it from being spoiled.

The Albany Cultivator contains a statement, by a Mr. Pell, who has been in the habit, for the two past years at least, of cutting and housing his grass in the same day, and sprinkling a bushel of fine salt on to every ton that he put in. Several other farmers, whose names might be mentioned, have practiced the same course with success. Some have objected to the use of salt on hay, but we have never found it injurious, and it certainly is a cheap way of saving coarse clover. The finer grasses should be sufficiently made before housing, and the better this can be done—that is, the less moisture you can have upon it from dews or rains, the better will the hay be, of course. Our farmers commenced having pretty strong last week, and much of what they had cut got a wetting by the storm which visited us. The surface of the earth had become very dry, and the rain will be productive of much good to other crops.

Pip in Chickens.

A fast friend of the "Farmer" writes to us thus: "Sir—Having had many chickens die this summer with the disorder called the 'Pip,' will you or some of your correspondents inform me what will prevent or cure it? As you are a Physician, I expect you 'know a thing or two' which I, a poor girl, am ignorant of."

Yours cordially, in haste,

For mother calls,

EMILY.

Well now, Emily dear, run and mind your mother and we will tell you all that we know about the "pip." It is just nothing at all. We find that what one calls the "pip," another calls the "gapes," and another some other name, and so on. Why didn't you give us the symptoms, in order that we might have very gravely summed them up, and duly considered, formed some "diagnosis" and "prognosis" of the cases referred to? We have been told that the gapes, or what some call the pip, is caused by worms in the wind-pipe. We have had chickens stand and gape long, and wink long, and droop their wings, and "weep" mournfully until they died, and we have opened them, but not a sign of a worm did we ever see. We do not say, mind you, that they never are the cause of this disorder.

This summer we have had several chickens of the Royal Breed that became sleepy—drooped their wings, but did not gape any. They slept themselves to death. We were told to give them some soft soap in their dough, but it did not save them. We opened them, but could find nothing out of the way, unless it was an apparent inflammation of the intestines.

If any of our correspondents can help Emily and see any in this thing, hope they'll do it.

Native Dye Stuffs.

We are anxious to have communications from the good wives and daughters of Maine, in regard to the employment of articles which grow around us for dyeing cotton or woolen, or any thing else. We have been for some time collecting facts in regard to our native dye stuffs, but we get along rather slowly. We occasionally ascertain, generally by accident, that some plant, or root, or bush, that grows abundantly around us, is used by some one for dyeing this or that color; but we have had but very few communications directly upon this subject. We hope that all who read this and know any facts, or have used any of the native products of Maine for coloring material, will not fail to let us hear from them, in all the particulars, mode of using, kind of color produced, and whether a fast one or not—how the tint may be varied, &c., &c. There can be no doubt that we have many articles growing in abundance around us, that may be of service to the Dyer. Why not use them?

Thistle Harvest.

The time for killing these unprofitable plants, weeds, pests, or whatever other epithet you please to give them, is at hand. Be sure that you mow them down—cut them off utterly from the earth, and then sow salt upon their stumps. Wherever they have got firm hold, the neighbors should unite in a war of extermination. It is of no use for one individual to cut and take every means to destroy them, and his very next neighbor, who may have a greater crop, do nothing at all. The seeds which the negligent man raises, will stock half a town, for they fly before the gentle breeze until beat down by rain, or stopped by obstructions to their course.

NEW PLOUGH. The farmers in some part of Michigan, have got a new plough into use for sward lands. It is, in fact, a double plough, or rather two ploughs on one beam, one before the other. The plough one cuts the sward, say three inches deep, and turns it over—the rear plough goes into the soil six or more inches further, and buries the sod completely under. After being harrowed, it appears like an old field, and is well calculated for planting or sowing upon.

WOOL SALES. 300,000 lbs. of wool, says the New Genesee Farmer, has already been sold in the city of Rochester, which is supposed to be about three-fourths of the clip of that vicinity. Best Saxony has brought from 40 to 43 cts.; Merino 38 to 40; half blood 32 to 38, and common from 25 to 32.

AGRICULTURE.—Scene, a corn-field; men with hoe; time, eleven o'clock, A. M.

Enter Squire, the owner of the field.

One of the men speaks: Squire, it's eleven o'clock you know, and we are thirsty, and the Scripture says: "If any thirst, let him come and drink."

Squire: Aye, but the Scripture also says: "Hoe every one that thirsteth."

MAINE FARMER.

A Family Newspaper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

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NO. 29.

From the American Agriculturist.

Organic Improvement of Domestic Animals.

Sheep and other animals were subdued and domesticated, long before their biped captors and masters were able to keep a record of their doings for the benefit of their posterity. Hence we know little of the original stock from which our domestic animals have descended, and less of the early treatment they received, at the hands of our own progenitors. Nor is this information important. It concerns us mainly to understand how a change of food, temperature, and of all surrounding circumstances, will either improve or deteriorate the organic structure and natural functions, which transform for the practical farmer his cultivated plants, their seeds and roots, into wool, beef, pork, milk, lard, butter and cheese. That there is a wide difference in the results obtained, by the operation of this living machinery in different animals, no observing man can doubt. Of two cows of equal weight, and consuming equal quantities of food precisely alike, one will elaborate for its owner 18 quarts of milk in 24 hours while the other can form but 9 quarts in the same length of time. A pig whose organization is apparently nearly perfect, will elaborate from a given amount of raw material, twice as much flesh and fat as another whose respiratory and assimilating machinery are very defective. Experience and careful observation like demonstrate the truth of the remark that it takes 50 per cent. more food to produce a given amount of muscular strength and power of locomotion in one horse or ox, than is required in another. Animals that have a common parentage ten generations back, now possess not only widely different forms, but organic and constitutional peculiarities, of great importance to those that so become rich or poor, according to the well or ill management of their herds and flocks. Eminent success alone attends skill in the breeding and keeping of domestic animals. This valuable skill is acquired by close observation, and studying the uniform laws of nature that govern the growth, maturity, and decay of organic beings. The most important and material changes in the development of the organs of animals, and in the function of each organ, are made during the period that elapses from the first formation of the embryo, to the maturity of each living complex structure.

"As the twig is bent the tree's inclined." The plasticity of young animals and plants, and the extreme changes that may be wrought in their forms and habits are truly wonderful. The human brain itself can be moulded in infancy into any shape to suit the whim or taste of a "flat-head" or a "round-head" Indian. Nor is there a single organic or physical function in the human system, that may not be either improved or impaired by the good or bad influences which may be brought to bear upon it. The science of physiology is a noble science. It enables cultivated reason to trace results—the products of animal life, such as flesh, fat, milk, and wool—back to their known causes and elements.

I can hardly expect to give you even an outline of the organization and workings of this complex vital machinery. There are, however, a few cardinal points in this matter, which I will endeavor to make clear and intelligible. One is, that no animal or plant can possibly transmute one simple elementary substance into another. If a hen be fed on food that is quite destitute of lime, the organs of her system cannot form an egg-shell, so if a child, calf, or colt, be kept on food that lacks phosphate of lime its bones will be soft and cartilaginous. No other minerals can be changed into lime or phosphorus.

Animal fat is a compound made up of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen; and no other simple elements can possibly make it. Lean meat and wool contain the same elements, with the addition of nitrogen, sulfur, and several other earthly ingredients in minute quantities. Knowing that no animal can create anew one particle of matter, and that each compound product has its peculiar constituent elements; knowing also how much of these elements is contained in any article of food, we can judge of its fitness or unfitness to produce either bone, muscle, fat, milk, wool, or any other animal product. In other words, we can wisely adapt our means to the ends we have in view.

Suppose a farmer had 100 hens in his poultry-yard, and he desired them to lay as many and perfect eggs as possible. Would it be an unreasonable prescription to say to him that "you must feed them liberally on food which contains not only lime, but all the elements of the contents of an egg-shell in a concentrated form? Deny not the fact, that if you expect the bird to elaborate for your table, or for market, a large product of this article of human food."

Is it anything extraordinary that a race of cows, whose mothers, many generations have had their milk-forming organs largely developed by being fed on food well adapted to that end, should secrete far more milk from a given amount of raw material, than a race of wild cows, whose lacteal glands had been denied all the advantages that result from quietude, rich pasture, and regular dry milking?

A sheep consumes several pounds of food daily. Of this, at least eight ounces are composed of the constituents of wool. Now if the capillary organs of this animal transform only two per cent. of these elements into wool in 24 hours, then 100 days the sheep will grow one pound of this valuable product. This will give a fleece, which will weigh three and six-tenths one hundredths lbs. in 365 days. Is it not practicable so to improve the vital action of the wool-forming machinery of our twenty millions of sheep in this country, that this machinery shall transform four instead of two per cent. of the raw material of wool into that substance? That this organic machinery is perfect no one pretends; or that it has already been greatly improved is not denied. The manufacture of wool out of its constituent elements, is a branch of science of great importance to the farmers of the United States. They possess an inexhaustible quantity of the raw material of wool, and enjoy every advantage for its profitable production. To develop the capillary organs of the sheep, the animal should have a warm, or rather a comfortable, well-ventilated apartment in winter—should be kept quiet throughout the year; that is, it should not be compelled to travel too much to find its food. It should have the organs that form this animal product at all times stimulated to a preternatural action, by having the arteries conveyed nutriment to these organs, preternaturally loaded with the elements of raw material. So too an animal, and especially a young animal, elaborates the most flesh and fat when its blood-vessels are best supplied with the elements of those products.

Clover, oats, turneps, beans, peas, and other leguminous plants, contain more of the constituents of wool than timothy, herds-grass, potatoes, &c. All animals should be fed regularly, and particular attention should be paid to their health and comfort.

It is, perhaps, needless to say, that every improvement in the practical workings of all this living machinery can be transferred from parent to offspring by judicious breeding.

The action of the respiratory organs in all domestic animals has a material influence upon the formation of fat, muscle, milk, and wool. The lungs never cease night nor day to expel more or less of the elements of animal food through the windpipe into the air, in the form of carbonic acid and vapor. The organization of some animals is so defective that they consume in this way a much larger quantity of the constituents of flesh, fat, milk, and wool, than is necessary or profitable. The more an animal exercises, the faster he breathes, and other things being equal, the poorer he becomes; because, instead of nourishing and supplying the waste in the system, the elements of the food escape in a larger ratio from the assimilating organs. The food of animals consists essentially of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. The first escapes through the lungs, the second and third escape in vapor, perspiration and urine, and the last (nitrogen) also escapes by the kidneys. Hence, a cow when driven twenty miles a day, never gives as much milk as she does when consuming the same amount of food and remaining quiet in a pasture or stall. It is an easy matter to enlarge or diminish the size of the blood-vessels that convey the elements of milk to the lacteal gland of the cow, or the vessels that convey the elements of food to the capillary organs of the sheep. It is not difficult to increase both the size and strength of the muscles of a colt, or of a young bullock. Like the enlargement of the muscles in the arm of a blacksmith, judicious exercise must come to the aid of judicious keep.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

Song—A Farmer's Life.

By ARTHUR MORRELL.

O, a farmer's life, a farmer's life,
From every trouble free,
With enjoyment life, and free from strife—
O, a farmer's life for me!

With enough to drink and enough to eat,
And a homestead suit to wear,
And the wherewithal a friend to treat,
And something the poor to spare.

O, a farmer's life, a farmer's life,
From every trouble free,
With enjoyment life, and free from strife—
O, a farmer's life for me!

'Tis a happy life, 'tis a merry life—
Independent, too, I trow;
For he alone is lord of the soil,
The knight of the scythe and hoe.

In spring he turneth the genial mould,
Himself and his jovial crew;
He plants the seed, and in autumn, behold!
What a harvest greets his view.

O, a farmer's life, &c.

On a summer's morn, with scythe in hand,
See him cleave the fragrant hay,
The happiest man in all the land—
And he labors as though 'twere play.

'Tis thus he works; and when at night,
His faithful laborer,
He hies him home, a smile—how bright!
Awaits him at the door.

O, a farmer's life, &c.

In winter what comforts crowd his hearth,
Though without 'tis never so cold;
How the kitchen resounds with honest mirth,
As the story and joke are told.

And when old age comes on at last,
And he draws the last short breath,
Like the yellow sheaf, unharmed by the blast,
He is 'ripe for the reaper, Death.'

O, a farmer's life, a farmer's life,
From every trouble free,
With enjoyment life, and free from strife—
O, a farmer's life for me!

New York, July 26, 1844.

There is a growing conviction among farmers, that it is advisable to cut wheat much earlier than has been usually the practice. We have heretofore published some experiments, which establish the fact conclusively, that wheat which is cut while in the milk, is much heavier and makes better flour than that which is cut when fully ripe. These experiments we advert to with the more confidence, as they are corroborated by a great number of experiments made by others, with the same results.

Nor are the incidental advantages of early cutting to be overlooked. A farmer may be able to cut his wheat earlier, frequently to avoid the calamity of rust, which is often so destructive in large sections of the country. Loss by shelling is almost wholly avoided; and the straw, if used for feeding cattle, is much enhanced in value.

The grain should not be cut, however, as soon as it is in the milk, as in such case it will shrink; but, while the milk is still in the straw, it should be cut, and the straw should be pressed between the thumb and finger; and when the straw has turned yellow a few inches above the roots. At this time the milk of the grain will be in the condition of starch or glue. After this, if the grain be allowed to stand, the straw will soon begin to draw upon the kernel for the nourishment which properly belongs to the latter. It was in this condition, that the wheat of Mr. Pell, of New York, was cut last season, which weighed sixty-five pounds to the bushel; and of which he produced a little more than seventy-eight bushels to the acre.

We have been told, however, by an experienced farmer, that this mode of cutting does not answer so well for wheat which is intended for feed. This should be allowed, as he informed us, to ripen fully upon the ground.

The following from the Michigan Farmer is part of a letter from Dr. Eldridge: "Amasa Andrews, Esq. of this town, harvested sixty acres of wheat last season, while it was so green and unripe that every farmer in the neighborhood thought and did not hesitate to declare him mad. He commenced cutting ten days before the other person thought of beginning, and finished before they had begun. The berry when cut was soft, and in that state known as 'being in the milk.' He has now threshed it; and being somewhat curious to learn the result of the experiment, I to-day went, in company with Mr. Andrews, to the mill, and examined the wheat. I found it plump, with a peculiar transparency of the berry, I never before saw—which is to be attributed to the very thin coating of bran. We weighed some and found it weighed just sixty-three lbs. to the measured bushel; and the experienced miller informed me, that it made more flour and less bran than any wheat he ever saw."

KEEPING FOWLS IN WINTER.—I have had a large number of eggs the past winter, from following in part the advice I have seen in your and other papers. I have kept my fowls in a warm place, have given them as much grain as they wanted, always keeping it where they could get it when they wished; having also a box containing gravel, lime, and ashes, which they could pick at or roll in, and furnishing them with graves or scraps, which is a substance obtained in large quantities from the melting association of this city. Of this substance they are amazing fond, and it made them lay prodigiously. Animal food appears to be so essential to fowls while laying that I shall never pretend hereafter to keep fowls in the winter without it.

New York. HENRY A. FIELD.
[American Agriculturist.]

EGGS HATCHING AFTER TRANSPORTATION.—There are general opinions that eggs carried any distance, especially over water, will not hatch. The experience of a neighbor of mine this spring, proves it to be erroneous, if the eggs are fresh. In the beginning of April he brought from New Jersey, fourteen hen's eggs, packed in a basket with oats. He came up the Hudson river in a steamboat to Albany, and thence by railroad to this place. A week after his return, he put them under a hen, and each egg produced a chicken, all but one of which are now living.

C. H. TOMLINSON.
[Am. Agriculturist.]

It is said that there is a postmaster in Arkansas who cannot read, and when the mail comes is under the necessity of measuring it. He sends three pecks to Little Rock, two pecks to Batesville, and dwindles down to a gallon to the counties.

From the N. E. Farmer.

Dana's Prize Essay on Manures.

[Continued.]

SECTION ELEVENTH.

Of Artificial Nitrate Beds.

But there is a fashion in manures as well as in other things, and saltpetre is now so fashionable, that you may be inclined to use it. Be it so. I will show you, reader, how to make it for yourself, and at the same time form a large pile of capital.

But as you have begun to inquire a little into the reason of things, let us go a little into the reasons why the earth under all barns where cattle are kept, why the plaster of old houses and cellars, always afford saltpetre. You will know that this is the case, and why? We have already told you that the acid of saltpetre, that is, the aquafortis, is formed of the air we breathe. Now alkalies and porous bodies compel the constituents of air, under certain circumstances, to unite and form aquafortis and this immediately unites to the alkali and forms saltpetre. The best alkali to compel this union is ammonia. Hence, where plenty of animal matter is fermenting, or rotting, or where plenty of urine is there, porous bodies being present, saltpetre will be formed. Now this is enough for you to understand the principle upon which I propose to you to form an artificial nitrate-bed for your own use. It has been found that the manure of twenty-five cows, asses and mules, in layers of about four inches thick, with layers of the same thickness of chalky soil, first one and then the other, and now and then damped with the urine of the stable, produces from 1000 to 1200 pounds of saltpetre in four years.

The heap is formed under cover, and occasionally shovelled over. At the end of two years, it is a mass of rich mould. It is left two years longer, with an occasional turning over, but it is not wet with urine for the last few months. The dung the farmer has always; he wants the porous chalky body. This may be furnished by spent ashes, mixed up with its bulk of loam. Hence the following rule may be given: One cord of clear cow-dung, one cord of spent ashes, one cord of loam, or sawdust, mixed with the urine of the stable, and having had rammed the barn-cellar floor, or that under a shed, lay a bed upon it four inches thick of these mixed materials; then a layer of dung, three or four inches thick, and so on, till the pile is two or three feet high, topping off with loam.

It is occasionally with urine, so that it is always about as moist as garden mould. Shovel over once a fortnight for two years. The pile now contains about fifty pounds of several varieties of saltpetre, and mixed throughout with nearly three cords of excellent manure. It may therefore be now used according to the farmer's judgment. By thoughtful management, he may after the first two years, annually collect as many fifty pounds saltpetre as he can of cow dung. But, however prepared, saltpetre affords by its elements, nourishment to plants. All its parts act. Its alkali acts, and its acid acts.

SECTION TWELFTH.

Salts.

It is easy to see, that salts, whatever be their name or nature, which are likely to be of any service to the farmer, are those only which either enter into and form part of the plants, or which, by the action of their acid or base, act on the earthy parts of soil, or upon the mould. Salts either poison or nourish plants. The first, like the medicines we take, are good in small doses; the second can hardly injure, even by their excess. If we recur to the principle which we set out early in this essay, that the ashes of plants contain all their salts, then rightly to know what salts are likely to produce good effects as manure, we should first study the composition of ashes. We have in ashes a great variety of substances. They come from the soil. They form a part of plants. The dead plant returns them again to their mother earth, or, we lose, the volatile parts of a plant, its mould and ammonia, by burning, collect its salts as ashes, let us see what these salts are made of. In the first place, you know, all salts are composed of an acid and a base.

The bases are, Potash and soda, Lime, Magnesia, Clay, Iron, Manganese, Silica, or earth of flints.

The acids are, Carbonic, or carbon united to oxygen. Phosphoric or phosphorus, Sulphuric, or Sulphur dioxide. Muratic, essentially composed of chlorine.

Now if we throw out the carbonic acid, which has been formed in burning, we have left in ashes, three acids, which are united with the bases, and may form the following salts in plants, namely: Glauber salt, Epsom salt, common table-salt, borax, a salt of lime, and what we may term a bone-dust salt of iron, or phosphate of iron, plaster of Paris, or gypsum, copperas, alum, and some other salts, which need not be enumerated. Our list comprises the principal, and those most likely to be used in farming. Well, now, the lesson to be drawn from this composition of ashes is this, that there is scarcely any salt occurring in commerce, which may not be used in agriculture, instead of those found in nature. As fact almost all salts which occur in a large way, as refuse materials from manufactures or other sources, have been used, and all with greater or less success, as manures. And if you cast your eye over the acids and bases of common ashes, this seems quite reasonable. It is not expected that a plain farmer, possessing little or no chemical knowledge, should be able to tell beforehand, what the effect of a salt would be, applied to his land; but if he understands what the composition of ashes is, he may be sure that in any quantity in which the salt is likely to occur, it cannot be injurious, provided it is mixed up with plenty of mould, and a little saltpetre, which will kill or neutralize any excess of the poisonous acid.

In ashes, we have one part which may be leached out, and a part which remains after leaching called spent ashes. Let us see then in leaching, what parts we take away. First, we take away all the acids, except the phosphoric. Secondly, we take away nearly all the potash and soda. What is left? The phosphoric acid, and all the bases. It is evident, therefore, that the strength of ashes can never be leached out, if that depends upon the salts. In spent ashes we have nearly all the bone-dust left; and besides this, a portion of what is usually considered the real strength, that is, the potash. This is chemically united to certain of the other constituents of ashes. You cannot leach it out. Upset your leaching tub, shovel over your spent ashes, mix it up with fermenting manure, where a plenty of fixed air is given off. Here is the secret of the value of spent ashes, so far as the potash or ley strength is concerned. This exposure to air, to carbonic acid, lets loose the potash, which was chemically combined with the other matters. Water would never have done this. Mark, now, a practical lesson taught here by chemistry, and confirmed by experience.—Leached ashes must never be used on wet soil, if we want its alkali to act. The close wet soil, perhaps even laid covered at times with water, excludes the

air. The carbonic acid of air, that which alone extracts the alkali from spent ashes, cannot here act. There is this other lesson to be learned from these facts, that it is chiefly the alkaline action which is wanted from spent ashes. Hence, no one who thus understands the source, and the true value of ashes, will allow the alkaline portion to be first leached out, unless he can find a more economical use for it than its application as a fertilizer. Perhaps no fact speaks louder, that the great action of spent ashes is that of its potash, than this, that where we prevent that from being extracted, the spent ashes are of little value. If, then, spent ashes derive their great value from the potash, much more will unleached ashes derive their value from their potash. Now, reader, the point to which I have led you in these remarks, is this: that the more alkaline any salt is, the better it is for manure. Hence, as a general rule about the use of salts, it may be laid down that the alkaline salts, that is, potash, pen-lash, common ashes, barilla ashes, white, or soda, are the best. And as these, in all their various shapes, are the cheapest and most common articles, so you need not run after a long list of other salts. Next in value to the real alkalies, are spent ashes, used in a light porous, open, sandy soil, if you would derive the greatest benefit from them. Next to these comes peat ashes. You well know these are of no value to the sponges. But not so to you.—They show only traces of alkaline power. But that when you do spent ashes, their power is chiefly in the substances which spent ashes do. It is highly seen, therefore, when, how, and where, spent ashes, peat ashes, coal ashes, are most likely to do good. Perhaps we may not have a better place to state the fact that a cord of soapmaker's spent ashes contain about 50 lbs. of potash. When we add to this, 117 lbs. of bone-dust, and about a ton and a half of chalk, or carbonaceous matter, which is laid on the soil, and so comes not under consideration, it is seen that there is no cheaper source of alkali, and salts, to one within reasonable carting distance of a soapmaker, than spent ashes. They are marl, bone-dust, plaster, and alkali combined.

(To be continued.)

CHINESE SUGAR.—The rapid increase of the demand for British goods in China since the close of the war and the opening of the ports, and the prospect that demand will be increased to a much greater extent, as the people in the northern provinces of that populous empire become better acquainted with the cheapness and excellence of British manufactures, renders it a matter of great consequence what the number of articles received in return from that country should be increased, and it is, therefore, satisfactory to learn, that there is a prospect of our receiving a considerable quantity of sugar from China under the new scale of duties mentioned by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his speech on the Budget.

We see from Mr. Bernard's interesting account of the voyage and services of the *Neuse*, that there are large sugar manufactories in the islands in the Canton River, and we learn from friends who have resided at Bumbay and Singapore, that Chinese Sugar and Sugar Candy, of excellent quality and moderate price, are imported in large quantities into India and the Indian Islands. From a statement in one of the Singapore papers, it appears that 5883 pounds (133-1-3 lbs. each) of Chinese sugar were imported into that port in 1843, chiefly in Chinese junk, and as this sugar had to be sold in competition with the cheap sugars of Manila, Java, Siam, and cochon China, the price cannot have been excessive. The belief of several well informed persons with whom we have conversed on the subject, is, that Chinese Sugar is likely to be imported into England to a considerable extent, although the heaviness of the proposed duty (34s. per cwt.) will but diminish the quantity and render the profit on importation very small. [Ex. paper.]

Flour, Grain and Wool.—The following extract of a letter, dated Buffalo, June 21st, is from the Tribune:

We have hitherto supposed that flour and grain were to be the great leading articles of import and export from this place; but if wool continues to augment as rapidly hereafter as it has for the past two or three seasons, it must certainly assume a high standard of importance. Early arrivals of small invoices began to arrive from various points west of us, which being added to the quantity gathered up here, gave the exports by the canal a greater magnitude than ever before observed. To-day there is one single invoice unloading from a steamer of over 2500 lbs. purchased as I learn, in Ohio, by Mr. Hardy of Albany. In various directions about the harbor, similar but smaller invoices may be observed landing from vessels. The top range of this market is 37 cts. At Cleveland it ranges from 30 to 35 cts.

The flour and grain trade has been unbroken by a single operation to-day. The millers will not purchase, and those holding heavy invoices afloat are looking about in all directions for some place in which to dispose of them. More than 20,000 bushels have gone down to the Rock for quick disposition. The warehouses here were filled to repletion with flour, &c., long since.

THE STEAM HORSE.—The following description of the steam horse, is from the pen of Edith Barrill, the learned Blacksmith, and is one of the most graphic descriptions we have ever read.

"I love to see one of those huge creatures with sinews of brass, and muscles of iron, strut forth from his smoky stable, and saluting the long train of cars with a dozen sonorous puffs from his iron nostrils, fall gently back into his harness. There he stands, clamping and foaming upon the iron track, the great machine of a running of glowing coils, his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins; the strength of a thousand horses is nerving his sinews—he pants to be gone. He would 'snake' St. Peter's across the desert of Sahara, if he could be fairly hitched to it; but there is a little sober-eyed man in the saddle, who holds him with one finger, and can take away his breath in a moment, and who is ever ready to stop him, for he is a little deeply interested in this man; for he is a man who is with coal diluted in oil and steam, I regard him as the genius of the whole machinery, as the physical mind of that huge steam horse."

WATERING FRUIT TREES.—There is great danger in over-watering. The newly transplanted tree will generally, from its innate vigor, push its leaves well, and until they are fully expanded, retain their freshness; then they call for a greater supply of moisture than the atmosphere usually furnishes, and in such cases copious watering of the roots is usually resorted to, which excites them to over-action, followed, of course, by a corresponding debility. The proper way is to water over the top two or three times a day with a watering pot or syringe.

[Western Farmer and Gardener.]

TO PRESERVE TOMATOES. Dip the ripe tomatoes in scalding water, peel them, and divide them into two, or (if very thin) into three slices; lay them on plates, and put them into the oven after the bread is drawn; in forty-eight hours they will be perfectly dried. Put them in paper bags, and keep in a dry place. When wanted for use, dip them in cold water and lay them on a dish to swell, and in a minute or two, they are almost equal to fresh fruit. If you wish to make tomato sauce, add a little water to cook them in. They are very good to eat out of the hand in the dry state. [Albany Cult.]

A PROMISING DANIEL.—The Philadelphia Sentinel contains an account of a young lady now being exhibited in that city, whose age is ten years, and whose weight is two hundred and sixty pounds. She is four feet, nine inches high, and nearly five feet broad across the shoulders.—Her name is Hannah Grouse; and, in the language of the Sentinel, "she is dutiful, playful, cheerful and an armful."

Home.

The following extract is taken from a private letter written by one who once enjoyed the blessing of a good New England home, but who at an early age left it, to seek another in the Western country. Every one who has, like the writer, left the spot where were passed the happiest days of childhood, can but sympathize with his feelings when they recall the hallowed associations connected with that well remembered spot.

"I long to come home; 'there's no place like home, sweet home,' after all. Aye, sweet indeed to all, but to none so sweet as to him against whom its doors are closed. None but the stranger from his own land, the wanderer whose steps have long turned from it, and who has to some extent tried and proved how hollow and deceitful are all life's pleasures, can properly and to the full extent appreciate the sweetness of that well remembered spot.

I remember well my feelings when on a visit home after a few years absence from it. I imagined I should be full of fun and mirth, yet never did I feel so much of sadness and gloom. Every thing around me was linked with the associations of the past, of the bright and buoyant hopes with which in sunny childhood I looked forward to entrance upon active life. I thought of the glorious day-dreams woven by my boyish imagination, of the bright future which so sadly contrasted with the realities of life, the thousand hallowed reminiscences of life's bright dream, seemed again around me. I thought too of one dear parent now no more. My father's blessing, the strong grasp of his hand, his fervent benediction, the tear that sprang unbidden to his eye, and his parting "God bless you, my boy." I remembered my mother's grief as I left her, she whose gentle arms cradled my infancy, whose bosom was my resting place, whose tender care was my defence. I heard again her low and faltering, but sweet tones, pronounce the "good bye," and my heart-strings again vibrate at the choking and agonizing farewell. For aught I know, that murmured prayer that heaven would watch over and protect her child, may have been my shield in many an hour of peril, and my guard through many an unseen danger.

Visit home under whatever circumstances one may, and in spite of all at which we may have cause to rejoice, a shade of sadness will tinge our happiness. Short indeed must be the absence that will not find numbered with the dead some among those who constituted its attraction; to find engraven on the tombstone the names of those to whom in life we were different, gives us a feeling of loneliness and gloom. In the various scenes of life's drama, we are often called to witness sorrow and mourning as well as joy and gladness. These are the lights and shadows of our existence, and so long as the "primeval curse" remains as entailed for the original violation of heaven's law, these chequered scenes will be witnessed. But of all the sorrows we are called upon to experience, I doubt if there be any so well calculated to touch the heart,—to wring it to its core, as to stand by the grave of a dear friend with whom we parted in life and health. When in the wasting hours of sickness we are permitted to stand by the dying bed and see them gradually sinking to the grave,—when we can witness one by one the severing of the ties that bound them to life, we are in a measure prepared, and our grief is less poignant and bitter. The "silver cord" is gently loosened, the "golden bowl" is not suddenly broken. But to witness in one and the same moment, active life and the tomb,—to see at the same glance the freshness of health and animation, and the cold and lifeless body,—the proud works and hopes of man in life, and his end and narrow house in death,—is a sight once seen not easily forgotten.

Strike out from the moral world the blessed hope of life hereafter,—erase from God's Holy Book the promise of future and eternal happiness beyond the "valley of the shadow of death," and standing thus beside the cold graves of our loved friends, where could we look for consolation? Did we not hope that those, our friends on earth, would in heaven love us, our agony at parting would be increased ten-fold, and we should feel indeed the "sting of death and the victory of the grave." Such were my feelings when last I visited the "land of the pilgrims," and such will be yours if you are long absent from home, and return.

[Oliver Branch.]

The Law of Love.

The highest gift my soul has received, during its world pilgrimage, have often been bestowed by those who were poor, both in money and intellectual cultivation. Among those donors, I particularly remember a hard-working, uneducated mechanic from Indiana or Illinois. He told me that he was one of thirty or forty New Englanders, who, twelve years before, had gone out to settle in the western wilderness. They were mostly neighbors; and had been drawn to unite together in emigration from a general unity of opinion on various subjects. For some years previous, they had been in the habit of meeting occasionally at each other's houses, to talk over their duties to God and man, in all simplicity of heart. Their library was the gospel, their priesthood the inward light. There were then no anti-slavery societies; but thus taught, and reverently willing to learn, they had no need of such agency to discover that it was wicked to enslave. The efforts of peace societies had reached this secluded band only in broken echoes, and non-resistance societies had no existence. But with the volume of the Prince of Peace, and hearts open to his influence, what need had they of preambles and resolutions?

Rich in spiritual culture, this little band started for the far West. Their inward homes were blooming gardens; they made their outward in the wilderness. They were industrious and frugal, and all things prospered under their hands. But soon wolves came near the fold, in the shape of reckless, unprincipled adventurers; believers in force and cunning, who acted according to their creed. The colony of practical Christians spoke of their depredations in terms of gentlest remonstrance, and repaid them with unvarying kindness. They went farther—they openly announced, "You may do us what evil you choose, we will return nothing but good." Lawyers came into the neighborhood, and offered their services to settle disputes. They answered, "We have no need of you. As neighbors, we receive you in the most friendly spirit; but for us, your occupation has ceased to exist." "What will you do if robbers burn your barns, and steal your harvest?" "We will return good for evil. We believe this is the highest truth, and therefore the best expediency."

When the rascals heard this, they consider-

ed it a marvellous good joke, and said and did many provoking things which to them seemed witty. Bars were taken down in the night, and cows let into the cornfields. The Christians repaired the damage as well as they could, put the cows in the barn, and at twilight drove them gently home, saying, "Neighbor, your cows have been in my field. I have fed them well during the day, but I would not keep them all night, lest the children suffer for their milk."

If this was fun, they who planned the joke found no heart to laugh at it. By degrees, a visible change came over these troublesome neighbors. They ceased to cut off horses' tails, and break the legs of poultry. Rude boys would say to a younger brother, "Don't throw that stone, Bill! When I killed the chicken last week, didn't they send it to mother, because they thought chicken-broth would be good for poor Mary? I should think you'd be ashamed to throw stones at their chickens." Thus was evil overcome with good, till not one was found to do them wilful injury.

With delighted reverence I listened to this unlettered backwoodsman, as he explained his philosophy of universal love. "What would you do," said I, "if an idle, thieving vagabond came among you, resolved to stay, but determined not to work?" "We would give him food when hungry, shelter him when cold, and always treat him as a brother." "Would not this process attract such characters? How would you avoid being overrun with them?" "Such characters would either reform, or not remain with us. We would never speak an angry word, or refuse to administer to their necessities; but we should invariably regard them with the deepest sadness, as we would a guilty but beloved son. This is harder for the human soul to bear, than whips or prisons." They could not stand it; I am sure they could not. It would either melt them, or drive them away. In nine cases out of ten, I believe it would melt them."

I felt rebuked for my want of faith, and consequent shallowness of insight. The hard-handed laborer brought greater riches to my soul than an Eastern merchant laden with pearls. Again I repeat, money is not wealth. [Mrs. Child.]

OREGON EXPEDITION.—The Western Examiner contains a letter from Major Adams, written at Battle Creek, above Kansas, and dated June 9th, in which he states that they had had almost continual rains in that quarter, which had rendered their progress slow. The emigrants, male and female, were contented and cheerful. Gilliam's camp was forty miles above them, and Gilliam would wait for them at Big Blue. There were twenty-seven wagons, conveyed by Hiram Smith, ahead of Gilliam, and expected to reach them in the Buffalo country. Sublette's and Beaman's company would be with them till they reached Fort Larimer. They expected to meet a large force of Sioux, and to have a talk with them. When all their companies should meet on the Platte they would number 1200 persons, 153 wagons, and 2000 head of cattle. The emigrants were well equipped and supplied with provisions, and expected to reach the Pacific in October. The Kansas Indians had stolen a few of their horses and cattle. He adds: "One word in regard to those who are in delicate health in Capt. Sublette's camp. All, with but one exception, are improving rapidly, in defiance of the unusually bad weather which all had to experience."

A NEW EXPLOSIVE SHELL has been invented and was tried last week at West Point, New York. The shell was fired from an eight inch sea coast howitzer, or what is commonly called a 64 pounder. They succeeded admirably, and even surpassed the utmost expectations. There were five shots fired, and their time as to explosion was regulated at will. After they struck the object at which they were fired. The shells, or three of them penetrated the hill at which they were aimed, to the distance of eight feet, and exploded, tearing up hundreds of cubic yards of soil, stones, rocks, &c. The importance of this shell consists in having no fuse externally, the shell is consequently waterproof. Last fall, in some experiments one shell sunk into the water to the depth of three feet and there exploded. The value of the invention is greatly enhanced by the fact, that the inventors can at will regulate the time of explosion from a second to an hour, and that, too, in perfect certainty of its exploding at the given time. Messrs. Burdick & Scott are the proprietors.

THE "LONDON TIMES"—The present circulation of the London Times newspaper is about 20,000 per diem; its average daily number of advertisements during the last six months of 1843 was 718. Taking these numbers as the basis of the circulation, we find that the "leading paper" pays for stamp duty about £27,000 per annum, and for advertisement duty about £17,000 per annum; making a total annual contribution to the revenue of £44,000. The gross receipts of the Times from a daily circulation of 20,000 would be about £135,000 per annum, while its advertisements, supposing them to realize 16s. each on the average, would produce about £112,000; making the entire yearly receipts of the paper not less than £247,000, being more than a million of dollars of our currency.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.—The steamer Princeton, sailed from the harbor of New York on Monday, with Captain Stockton on board. The captain was very ill.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS BRIDE.—We copy the following from the Madisonian of Monday:

President Tyler returned with his fair bride to the capital on the evening of last Thursday. On Saturday the bride received company. There was no announcement in the papers, it was generally well known that on that day the white house would be open to those who wished to pay their respects to the chief Magistrate and his bride, and during the hours of reception the rooms were thronged.

The heads of departments, the foreign ministers in their court dresses, and the officers of the army and navy in uniform, in company with the ladies of their acquaintance, made a brilliant show, and his honor the mayor and his lady, and most of the elite of the capital, whether in public or private stations, offered their congratulations and bade the lady of the mansion welcome.

The bride, when Miss Gardner, had with her fair sister, who is now her guest, spent parts of two winters with us, and delighted all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, by the attractions of her person and mind—gifted as she had been with every degree of education and foreign travel—and by the charms of her graceful manners, which shone, as every one felt, in their appropriate sphere on Saturday.

A most magnificent bride's cake and sparkling champagne awaited the welcoming guests, and the distinctions of party and of opinion were all forgotten, and kind feelings and generous impulses seemed to gladden the hearts of all.

In the afternoon the president's garden, in which the band from the navy band played every Saturday afternoon, was more thronged than we ever remembered to have seen it. On the portico of the white house the president and his lady were again welcomed, and until the shades of evening were gathering around, and the music had ceased, did the throng disperse, so great was the desire to see and welcome the beautiful and accomplished lady who is hereafter to preside in the executive mansion.

At Utica, a boy fell on the railroad track just before the cars, which passed over his arm and cut it off.

MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1844.

Death of the Mormon Prophet.

There are not a few different and contradictory statements going the rounds of the newspapers relative to the late tragedy in Illinois, and the murder of the far-famed Mormon Prophet and his brother Hiram. Some of the accounts state that Mr. Smith had not the least intention or disposition to resist the State authority. It appears that his evil-disposed and malicious foes, fearing or ashamed to meet him in their every-day apparel, appeared in disguise, and attacked him while in prison, and in a dare-devil manner, possessed of a fiendish spirit, took upon themselves the responsibility to execute, or rather murder, the prisoners before a lawful trial had been had or sentence passed. Such proceedings ought not to be countenanced in a free country, which professes to render justice to all, whether saints or sinners, rich or poor, high or low, bond or free.

The armed guard, consisting of sixty men, stationed by order of the Governor, over the jail, for the ostensible purpose of checking any lawless procedure, all, save eight, came to the conclusion that they were competent to judge for themselves as to the necessity of such a guard; and finding no need, in their own unprejudiced minds, for such a body, they proved treacherous to the trust confided to them and backed out, leaving the prison and its inmates to the mercy of an unprincipled and infuriated mob. At this, the blood-thirsty mob, being in disguise, having their faces painted black, bolted into the prison, shot Hiram instantly, and murdered Joe. It is said that no resistance was offered by either the victims. There are other statements in regard to this matter. A traveller informs the editor of the Cincinnati Gazette, that the prophet was leaning or sitting upon a window when shot, and fell from it exclaiming, "My God! my God!" and then expired. The same gentleman further adds, that when he reached the ground, in a lifeless state, he was stabbed in the breast by a young man, who cried out, as he picked up the dead body, "Damn you! take that!—you killed my father!"

Capt. Riley, of the steamer Mendota, left Nauvoo at 4 o'clock on Friday, June 28th, and relates to the editor of the St. Louis New Era many particulars relative to the Mormons and the late tragedy event. "He says he stopped at Nauvoo several hours, and talked with a number of Mormons; and that while there a body of Mormons came in bearing the dead bodies of Joe and Hiram Smith. Mr. Phillips was not killed, but was in Nauvoo when the Mendota left, making a speech to the Mormons and advising them to peace. None were killed except Joe and Hiram Smith. The Mormons all express a determination to keep the peace, and not to resort to arms except in necessary self-defence. They state that at Carthage the Mormons were confined: that about fifty or one hundred men, disguised, suddenly rushed on the jail house that the guard fired on them, and wounded three of them: that the men in disguise fired into the jail, and killed Hiram Smith before the door was opened. Joe Smith had a revolver pistol, and fired it two or three times without effect, but was himself soon killed by the assailants: that Taylor, the editor of the Nauvoo Neighbor, was in jail, and was shot through the thigh, but not seriously injured. After the assault, the disguised mob retreated, and it was not known who they were."

The Louisville Journal, 3d inst., gives the following concerning the existing feeling at Nauvoo: "We have seen a gentleman who was in Nauvoo on Friday, and who informs us that all was quiet there, the prominent Mormons exhorting their followers to offer no insult or molestation to any one, and in no case to offer violence except in strict self-defence. The deepest grief and affliction pervaded the city."

All the accounts given of this affair agree in the fact, that the Smiths were shot and are dead. Mormonism, however, is not dead but liveth, and will probably continue to exist for years to come. The New York Tribune, in reference to the question "What is to become of Mormonism?" now that the Prophet is dead, expresses the opinion that Mormonism has not died with him. "Gross and monstrous as are the delusions and perhaps abominations practiced in the name of that faith, yet it is a vital, living thing. Men and women, made of the same sort of flesh and blood, actuated by similar sensations and passions, as Protestants, Catholics, Mahomedans, or whatsoever creed or worship the sun shines upon, do actually believe in this Mormonism—are content to live and die by it—to yield up worldly wealth, domestic ties, and the strong bonds of love of native land, for it; and thus feeling and thus believing, to their dimmed and distorted spiritual vision, Joe Smith is as much the Martyr-Hero as any whose shadow has ever fallen upon the world. The blood of Joe Smith, spilled by murderous hands, will be like the fabled dragon's teeth sown broad cast, that every where sprang up armed men."

Look out for an Impostor.

An individual, calling himself JOSEPH FOSTER, has been soliciting subscription for several periodicals, in the town of Vassalboro' and vicinity. He obtained considerable money in advance, but the periodicals subscribed for never came. Some individuals were supplied with a few old numbers of the Baptist Repository. Such scoundrels ought to be branded with the letter R on their foreheads, because they are not only Rogues of the first water, but they injure honest agents by bringing distrust and suspicion upon them.

APPLES AND PEARS ON HAND. We had apples and pears of this year's growth in our market last week—not of home growth however—they grew by the steam of the South, and were brought by the steam of the North. The Steam King is a mighty chump. He almost squeezes the whole range of the latitudes into the equator. When he gets his feet placed a little better, he will hand us oranges and fruits of the tropics almost as soon as they are picked; so that we shall have the luxuries of that climate without the curse of its mosquitoes, alligators and earthquakes.

DARING ROBBERY.—Thursday afternoon, some villain entered the Book Bindery of Mr. C. A. Wells, No. 6 Water street, while that gentleman was absent to dinner, and knocked down a son of Mr. W., aged about 16 years, robbed the safe of about \$80 and decamped. The young man was sitting by the window when the robber entered, and did not perceive him, until he received the blow. He was lying on the floor when Mr. W. returned, but his injuries are not apparently serious. There was more money in the safe, which the robber, in his haste, did not discover. [Mail.]

The late outbreak in Philadelphia.

We last week gave some account of this most disgraceful and alarming civil war, which raged to such a fearful extent in the misnamed "City of Brotherly Love." At present, all is comparatively quiet, yet we are of opinion that the "sore is not healed," but will, ever and anon, break out anew at the slightest touch of the lancet. The Philadelphia has become, in a measure, a host of desperate rioters, and seem to be determined to set all law at defiance, and exercise the "largest liberty," whenever they have occasion to resent a supposed or bona fide insult, or defend themselves against the attacks of a lawless gang of foreigners. Philadelphia needs to be thoroughly purged, regenerated, and, may we not say, christianized. We do not, however, look upon the Philadelphia as being the worst set of men in the States. As a general thing we presume they are as good citizens as can be found in any community. But in all populous cities can be found a certain class who are ready to fight whenever called upon—who are always willing to kick up a dust, for the sake of seeing it blown into the eyes of others—who are low in the purse and low in intellect—who drink, carouse, gamble, and participate in all the vices calculated to debase the body, corrupt the heart, and wither and annihilate all the finer sensibilities of their natures.

From what we can learn by exchange papers, the immediate cause of the late outbreak and bloodshed, lies in the fact that a body of Irish rioters attacked and committed several outrages upon persons left on the ground where the Native American party celebrated the fourth in a quiet and peaceable manner. As all have a desire to learn the whole history of this matter, perhaps we cannot do better than to give full particulars of its rise, progress and end, or its present halting place. The subjoined account from the Philadelphia Sun, will give our readers some idea of the proceedings in that city on Sunday the 7th instant:—

"It appears that several days ago Wm. H. Dunn, a brother of the Priest, waited upon General Patterson, to get a request from him to Governor Porter, to obtain 25 muskets from the State Arsenal. The General acquiesced, and Mr. Dunn proceeded to Harrisburg and waited upon his Excellency in person—and after a short time obtained the desired order, and returned to the city. This was kept a secret, and hence the surprise which it caused, when the people learned that a military company had been regularly drilled for the express purpose of guarding that church, although there was any body to molest it in any shape or form whatsoever. Wm. H. Dunn was elected Captain of said company, and on Saturday afternoon Gen. Hubbell, learning that he was an unprincipled Irishman, proceeded to his house, in company with Dr. Braford, and demanded his papers—these were given up, and of course the company was disbanded.

In consequence of the great crowd which had congregated, because of the warlike demonstrations on the part of the Priest, the Methodists worshippers, who resided in Second street, above Queen, had to suspend their meetings, and business in general in the neighborhood had come to a stand on Saturday night.

Mr. McGarvey, at the corner of Second and Queen streets, thought proper to shut up his grocery store, and when he was observed doing so, a slight rush was made at the store, but no damage done, and no person stood in a menacing attitude, but did no harm. A general sentiment seemed to prevail among the dense mass—that the church should not be burned. The Native Americans formed themselves into bodies of police, and were commanded by the Aldermen of the district, and preserved excellent order.

At 11 o'clock on Saturday night Gen. Cadwallader arrived with two field pieces, and told the multitude to disperse, or he would fire upon them. On this announcement, the Hon. Charles Taylor, (late Congressman from the 3d district), stepped before the cannon, and said, "you have no right to fire," and stated that if he did (he Taylor) should be the first killed. Taylor was immediately arrested and placed in custody of the military in the church. The people now demanded his release, and became outrageous, and the release of Taylor, was the matter of dispute, or he would fire upon them. About 10 o'clock, a large body of full grown boys obtained a cannon from the wharf, and loading it to the muzzle placed it in front of the door of the church, and while they were getting ready to fire into the edifice, Alderman Hertz availed himself of a momentary opportunity to put a handful of water in the touch-hole.

Another set of boys got an 8 pound cannon, loaded it with spikes and took it to the rear of the church, and levelling it at a circular window, fired it—but missed their mark by a few feet. The gun was loaded with pieces of lead, spikes, stones, &c., some of which rebounded, and flew several hundred yards back to the south. The party with the cannon rallied and fired a second time, but did not produce much effect.

At twelve o'clock the people got a piece of scantling and battered the panels of the Western front door of the church in, and just at this moment Mr. Taylor was released from confinement, and left the church in company with Alderman Hertz. When he got into the street he was hailed with applause, which was distinctly heard about one mile below the scene, so we are informed by a gentleman who rode on horseback to ascertain what was the matter. Mr. Taylor entered back to his residence, and was hailed with long and loud applause. The multitude now demanded that the Hibernian Greens should come out of the church, and then they would be satisfied—and orders were given that they should be released at once.

We have only time to say, that the Hibernian Greens assembled about one o'clock, and when on their way to the church, being hissed and groaned at, and having several stones forced at them, they fired, killing two or three persons, it is said, and wounding several others. After firing, they immediately dropped their arms and fled with precipitation, hotly pursued by the mob, who captured and killed one of them, if not more, and wounded others. The mob was pursued into the heart of the city, but we believe effected his escape—the mob is at this moment hunting them up in every section, for the purpose of taking revenge. The quantity of arms in the possession of the Catholics in every quarter has astonished every body.

P. S.—Half past 4 o'clock, P. M.—The State House bell is striking eight, (the number for danger)—the fire companies are all running for Southwark. The Church is, however not on fire, nor does the assembly evince any disposition to destroy it; they have possession of it, (as the military have abandoned it), and say all they want is, that it shall not be made a fortress in the midst of their districts.

The military are continually harassed by the mob, and men are said to be lying in wait upon the roofs of the houses in the vicinity of the church ready to fire whenever an occasion offers.

It is now said that three of the soldiers are killed, and two or three mortally wounded, and some more considerably hurt—in all about 12.

Up to half past eleven o'clock, the following persons had been brought to the Pennsylvania Hospital:

Robert Lyons, shot in the arm in the afternoon at 2 o'clock.

The following were brought in the evening: Laneberger, shot in the hip, dangerously wounded.

Carter, shot in the abdomen, dying.

James Tully, shot in the arm, dying.

William Lanning, shot in both legs, compound fractures.

John Houston, shot in the shoulder.

James Sanders, shot in the breast—dying.

James W. Barr, shot in the head.

At 12 o'clock last night, the member of the company Hibernia Greens, who was so dreadfully beaten, was still living, but with very faint hopes of recovery—his name is Patrick Means, and he kept a tavern in the vicinity of Shippen street.

The U. S. Gazette of yesterday morning, gives the following account of the dreadful proceedings during the night, when it seems a sanguinary conflict took place between the mob and the military: "Every thing remained quiet until about 7 o'clock when a detachment of military under Gen. Cadwallader arrived upon the ground, and proceeded to take up positions for the defence of the Church—Cannon were placed so as to command Queen street and west, and Second street, north and south. Platons of soldiers were stretched across the street at Third and Queen, Second and Queen, and around the Commissioners' Hall.

This disposition of force being made, Gen. Cadwallader informed Mr. Grover that the military would protect the church, and that the citizens force might be discharged, which was done, the men marching out two and two, and mingling quietly with the crowd, but before all had left, the report of fire arms at Second street, was heard. This was occasioned, we believe, so far as the many contradictory stories can be reconciled with probability, by the crowd pressing on the company of Cadwallader Greys, Capt. R. K. Scott, and the City Guards, Capt. Hill. Orders were given to the men to force them back, and in doing so one of the officers encountered a man who refused to retreat, the officer thereupon struck him with his sword, and the blow was returned.

A scuffle then ensued—a brick was thrown from the crowd at the soldiers—and immediately afterwards the firing commenced. It seems from all that can be gathered, that the crowd were brought to retire by the officers, and their obstinate refusal compelled them to resort to the last means.

The soldiers commenced firing by files, and from thirteen to twenty shots told among the crowd, and at least seven men were killed almost instantly. One man was taken up with nearly two-thirds of his face blown away; another had his abdomen ripped open, and the entrails protruded in a most shocking manner.

The scalp of a third was sent from his head, and a fourth, who seemed to be a waterman, and bore the letters E. W. and an anchor pricked in blue, in his right arm, was instantly killed by a ball which entered his right breast, traversed across the chest, and came out at the left side.

A young man named James Dougherty was said to have been seriously wounded. James Lawson, who resides in Ninth, below Shippen street, was shot in the heel; and James Tully, living in Shippen, above Sixth street, was injured by a ball passing through the fleshy part of his arm. Mrs. Lyle, the lady of Captain Thomas Lyle, now absent at sea, was standing at the door of the house of a friend on Queen street, above Front, with her left arm only outside the door—a ball passed through the fleshy part of it, above the elbow, inflicting a painful, but not a serious wound. We were also informed that a woman, who was passing across Water street, was dangerously wounded. A young man by the name of Manning, was shot in the leg, and another, whose name we could not learn, was also injured. We do not know that we have stated the above with entire correctness, but it was impossible to ascertain with perfect exactness, the particulars of loss of life incurred. Two or three of the persons known to us indeed we could not reach.

An intense degree of excitement was created against Captain Hill of the City Guards, who it was asserted had given the order to fire upon the crowd without any previous warning to them to retire.

This volley caused the dispersion of the crowd, but increased the exasperation of the disaffected to a fearful pitch. A mob gathered in the rear of the Commissioners' Hall, where two or three of the bodies of the slain were carried, and after an angry parley, broke into the Hall, and took therefrom a considerable number of the muskets, which had been brought from the church and deposited there.

At 11 o'clock, Major General Patterson detailed the German Battalion, with two field pieces, and the companies of a Washington Cavalry, and First County Troop, under the command of Gen. Rountree, as a reinforcement, and the column immediately moved to the scene of action.

We understand that the Sheriff last evening addressed a note to the commander at Fort Mifflin, requesting him to send to the city as many troops as he can spare from his command.

The reports of the guns shook the houses in the vicinity—battering windows, and damaging furniture. Balls passed into many of them, and the inmates were compelled to retire precipitately by the back ways—leaving all their property behind them. In one instance, an aged lady was obliged to be lifted over a fence, and while this was being done a ball cut off the branch of a tree near by.

About one o'clock, A. M., the First City Troop of Cavalry, Captain Butler, was ordered to proceed to the vicinity of the church, and if possible, capture and spike the guns used by the mob. This duty was immediately performed, and at half past one o'clock, information was received at Headquarters that the large fifteen pounder had been captured at the corner of Fifth and Queen streets, and spiked.

At half past one o'clock, a meeting of the disaffected was held at Wharton Market, without ostensible object. Rumors were generally prevalent that they intended to make another attack upon the military, and had entered into an organization, made arrangements for procuring ammunition, &c.

At one o'clock, A. M. All is quiet, but it is rumored that another attack is to be made upon the military at 4 A. M.

Still later. We have learned from Headquarters that the origin of the firing upon the crowd at seven o'clock last evening, was in consequence of an attack made upon the City Guards. Captain Hill was struck to the earth, and an attempt was made to stab him with his own sword; whilst in this situation, one of his lieutenants gave the order to fire, which was done.

The Dollar Newspaper says that on Tuesday at 12 o'clock, in the vicinity of the outbreak, all was quiet, and the general impression seemed to be that violence was at an end. Governor Porter arrived in the city on Monday, and immediately issued a proclamation, in which he calls upon all good citizens to sustain the law, and says that he feels great satisfaction in announcing his entire approbation of all the measures that have been adopted by Major General Patterson, as well as of the High Sheriff, for quelling and dispersing the tumultuous assemblies of persons that sought to intimidate and drive from the ground the military force while peaceably engaged in performing its duty. The retribution has indeed been terrible, but it was alike unavoidable and justifiable. If the laws can-

not be maintained without the use of force, then force becomes as much an act of patriotism as of duty, and must be applied when the awful necessity arises. This remark is made in the hope that no repetition will be required of this most painful and terrific remedy."

The Governor has also issued orders to the General commanding several of the nearest Divisions, to have all the volunteer corps under their command in readiness to march at a moment's warning. He cautions all well disposed citizens against joining or countenancing any riotous assemblages in any section of the city or county of Philadelphia, either as participants or lookers-on; and says that "prompt and efficient measures will be adopted to disperse them; and it is difficult, in so doing, to distinguish between the guilty and innocent." He further says that all persons found with implements of death in their hands, or in their houses, will be pursued to the utmost and brought to punishment for their temerity and crimes.

The number killed and wounded during this sanguinary conflict, is not so large as was anticipated. The following list of all the killed and of all those seriously wounded, we copy from the Dollar Newspaper:—

Killed.—Euse Waters, William Crozier, James Fairfield, — Fred Cook, Thomas John Cook, James Dougherty, Gerhard Ehlers, Sergeant Quigg, Corporal Troutman, and three others, names unknown. Total, 13.

Wounded.—Col. Pleasanton, Capt. R. K. Scott, James Linsinger, T. C. Saunders, David Kittcart, William Manning, James W. Barr, John Warner, Eliza Jester, James W. Tully, — H. H. Greys, Capt. R. K. Scott, and the City Guards, Capt. Hill. Orders were given to the men to force them back, and in doing so one of the officers encountered a man who refused to retreat, the officer thereupon struck him with his sword, and the blow was returned.

We copy the following from the Philadelphia Gazette of Friday:

Arrest for Incendiary Language. L. C. Levin, Esq., editor of the Daily Sun, was arrested this morning, and examined before the Recorder, on the charge of publishing incendiary articles. He was held to bail in \$3000 for "misconduct in exciting to riot and treason," and in \$1000 to keep the peace.

S. R. Kramer, editor of the Native American, was arrested on a similar charge for an article in his paper of yesterday. The article was published without his knowledge and was retracted this morning. He was therefore held in his own recognizance only to keep the peace, in \$500.

Wm. P. Hanna was arrested for using violent and threatening language, and resisting the police. Held before the Mayor, in \$15,000.

Attempt to burn the Columbia Bridge. Gov. Porter this morning exhibited at Independence Hall, a match or "infernal machine" on a small scale, which was found under the eaves of the Columbia Bridge. It had a string of considerable length so arranged that it could communicate the fire with certainty and slowly—so as to allow the incendiary to escape to a considerable distance. The object of this infamous attempt to burn the bridge was to prevent the troops from the country arriving in the city.

PRIVATE MAIL. By reference to an advertisement in to-day's paper, our readers will see that a private mail has been established and extended to this place, for the purpose of transporting letters at a cheap rate. This has been started, perhaps, on the strength of late decisions. The Boston Bee of Monday says: "The suit brought by the U. States against Pomeroy & Co., for carrying mail matter by private express, terminated on Thursday in favor of the defendants. The case was tried at Utica before Judge Conkling, who charged, as the jury found, that the Messrs. Pomeroy had not committed any breach of the law."

Post Office Changes. James M. Holland, Esq., has been appointed P. M. at Canton, Me., in place of Gideon Ellis, Esq., resigned. Wm. Harris, Esq., has been appointed P. M. at Dix Notch.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—We learn that Mr. John W. Thoms of this town was employed to transport a wagon load of supplies for the Northeastern boundary Commissioners. During the thunder shower on Wednesday evening, he drove his team under a shed in the town of New York, and being dark he mistook the height of the shed, and was crushed between his load and the timbers of the building. He survived but a short time, leaving a wife and a large family of children.—[Kennebec Journal.]

THE MISSISSIPPI.—A travelling correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce writes as follows, under date of June 25th, on board the steamer Vermilion, Mississippi River, bound for Louisville:—

"The Mississippi, as far as we have ascended, is rising quite fast. The destruction of property from the mouth of Red River to Natchez, is appalling. At one point near where we stopped to wood to day, we saw a young Bear beating his way through the water among drift wood, in the edge of a submerged swamp. He had either floated down on logs to that point, or was out exploring for the dead carcasses of cattle on which to feed.

A short distance above Fort Adams, on the West side of the River, we took off a family, with their bedding and furniture, who had determined to desert their log house, surrounded as it was on all sides by water, while the bank of river was rapidly caving in. They say, during this day, from 5 to 8 acres have wholly disappeared. They began to fear that the next slide would swallow up the remaining dry soil, house and all. From this distressing situation our boat mercifully delivered them, while what are called fashionable and "trip" boats passed by them without heeding their call. The party consisted of a man and his wife, a lad, their son, and a servant or two. They were a poor family, principally engaged in cutting steamboat wood by the contract."

The Buffalo Commercial states that the wreck of the Erie has been visited, at a depth of 63 feet, by means of a diving bell, cast at Fredonia for the purpose, at an expense of 1,800, and weighing four and a half tons. They have raised the best bow cable chain—450 feet in length, and one of the best on the lake and are now getting up two other cables. As soon as her shafts—now projecting from her side so far as to be in the way of raising her—are got out, the brig Rocky mountain will proceed to the spot and aid in getting her up.

The wreck was discovered by means of a compass, rendered very susceptible to the magnetic attraction—the same by which the wreck of the Lexington was found. The inventor, Mr. Chapin, who is now at work with the diving bell on the Erie, has likewise ascertained the location of the schooner Young Lion, sunk with railroad iron on board some two years since. The company now engaged in this enterprise also intend raising the schooner.

GOOD SWIM.—On Saturday night, a young lady

Poetry.

Love on.

Love on, love on, the soul must have a shrine,
The rudest breast must have some hollow spot;
The God who found us left no spark divine
In him who dwells on earth, yet loveth not.
Devotion's links compose a sacred chain,
Of holy brightness and unmeasured length;
The world with selfish rest and reckless strain,
May near its beauty, but not touch its strength.

Love on, love on, even though the heart
We fondly build on prove the heart's sand;
Though one by one Faith's corn-stones depart,
And even Hope's last pillar falls to stand;
Though we may dread the lips we once believed,
And know their falsehood shadows all our days,
Who would not rather trust and be deceived,
Than owe the mean, cold spirit that betrays?

Love on, love on, Creation breathes the words,
Their mystic music ever dwells around;
The strain is echoed by unnumbered chorals,
And gentle beams yield the fullest sound.
As flowers keep springing through their dazzling bloom,
Is left for forth for wrong to feed upon;
So hearts, though worn by traitors and the tomb,
Shall still be precious and shall still be won.

Not Married Yet.

I'm single yet—I'm single yet!
And years have flown since I came out!
In vain I sigh—in vain I fret!
Ye gods! what are the men about?
I vow I'm twenty—oh, ye powers!
A spinster's lot is hard to bear—
On earth alone to pass her hours,
And afterwards lead up—down there!

No offer yet—no offer yet!
I'm puzzled quite to make it out;
For every bean my cap I set,
What, what, what are the men about?
They don't propose—they won't propose,
For fear, perhaps, I'd not "yes!"
Just let them try—for heaven knows
I'm tired of single-blessedness.

Not married yet—not married yet—
The deuce is in them, I fear!
I'm like a—something to be let,
And to let alone—that's clear.
They say "she's pretty—but no chick—"
And love without it runs in debt!
It agitates my nerves to think
That I have had no offer yet!

Washington.

Great were the hearts, and strong the minds,
Of those who framed, in high debate,
The immortal legacy of love that binds
Our fair, broad Empire, State with State.

And deep the gladness of the hour,
When, as the auspicious task was done
In solemn trust, the sword of power
Was given to glory's unsullied son.

That noble race is gone; the suns
Of fifty years have risen and set;
But the bright links those chosen ones
So strongly forged, are brighter yet.

Wide—as our own free race increase—
Wide shall extend the elastic chain,
And bind in everlasting peace,
State after State, a mighty train.

Miscellaneous.

From the Rover.

Dr. Kracksby and I;

Or, the Recollections of an Unfortunate Gentleman.

"I do declare, I never will, so long as I live upon earth,
Give my confidence again to a person of mortal birth."

There were never two friends better disposed
toward one another than Dr. Kracksby and I.
Our feelings, tastes, inclinations, and aversions,
were the same; we were school-fellows in
our boyish days, and companions in after
life, when the rust of the school wore off, and
we were the polish of the world. The only
difference between us was, that I was the more
modest of the two. Jack Kracksby was al-
ways such a daring, impudent kind of fellow,
that all the rest of the boys feared him; no
one was more expert of taking birds' nests, or
taking currants from a neighbor's garden; and
the rogue was most expert at "appropriation," and
if I was ever lured into an act which my con-
science abhorred, Jack Kracksby was always
ready to take the blame upon himself, and suffer
the punishment—if ever punishment fol-
lowed—for Jack was a lucky fellow withal;
he was the greatest rogue in the school, and
yet escaped with the least punishment. It is
remarkable, that the greatest rogues generally
do escape in the like manner.

The intimacy which subsisted between Jack
Kracksby and I, in our boyish days, was con-
tinued in after life; we were confidants and
inseparables; our feelings, tastes, inclinations,
and aversions, were so exactly similar, that it
seemed as if we had been in the same mould.
My friend took to the medical profession; but
I, preferring a quiet life, took to no profession
at all, for, as Jack would have it, I had very
comfortable, independent means, and was,
moreover, surrounded by reversions, almost
buried with them. Jack, on the contrary,
had to carve out his fortune, his means, inde-
pendently of his professional income, being very
small; but he was a persevering fellow, and
by the time he had arrived at the age of two-
and-thirty, was dubbed an M. D.

Just about that time, I, being John's senior
by full twelve months, thought to myself that
it would be comfortable and convenient to have
a domestic partner—that is to say, a wife.
I was a gentle, domesticated, stay-at-home crea-
ture; and as I sat by my fireside, lonely and
disconsolately imagining pictures in the grate,
and counting the ticking of my repeater, it
occurred to me that my condition would be
improved, my heart humanized, my lot made
enjoyable, if I were to take unto myself a rib!
I thought of it for a long time—I turned the
subject over and over in my head—and, ulti-
mately resolved upon leading a gentle damsel
to the holy altar, and becoming with her, "in
meet espousal joined."

Just at that interesting moment, in came
Dr. Kracksby.
"Jack Kracksby!" said I, clutching his
hand with great fervor, "Jack Kracksby, I
am resolved!"

"Resolved to what?" said Jack.

"On getting married!"

"Getting what?" cried Jack, starting back
three paces, and standing with one foot upon
tip-toe, elevating his eyebrows, and throwing
out his hands, with an expression of complete
astonishment. "Getting what?"

I maintained my composure, and coolly re-
plied, "Upon taking unto myself a wife."
"My dear Simon," said Jack Kracksby,
recovering his perpendicularity, "my dear Si-
mon, do you know what you are talking about?"

"Precisely," quoth I, "I feel a sentiment
for the married state."
"My dear Simon," rejoined Dr. Kracksby,
"have you no thought of the mysteries, horrors,
errors, and dialeries, attendant upon that
state? Jealous wife, bad temper, cross, vixen,
scold, sulky, indifferent, imperious, noisy,
flouting, flying, sighing, dying. Oh, my dear
Simon, don't think of taking a wife, or I shall
think you mad."

I was unmoved by this torrent of talk: I
thought my friend Kracksby prejudiced and
partial. I had taken his advice upon every
other subject, but my heart intimated to me
that it was not to be followed on this. There-
fore I changed the subject, resolving not to sub-
ject my determination to the ridicule of my
friend.

But how was I to get a wife? That was
the question. I had but few acquaintances,
and really, and not to be scornful, there was
not among them a single lady that took my
fancy. I was always celebrated for my taste.
Unless a man can be pleased with his wife,
it is impossible for him to be happy. This I
thought an indisputable axiom; and, therefore,
as I knew I could not live comfortably with
any of my female friends, I resolved rather to
die a victim to celibacy than link myself to life
to one of them.

I was obliged to consult my friend Kracksby.
I was obliged to ask advice of my dear friend
Jack; but that dear friend Jack turned out
to be a very great rogue, as you will find
in the sequel; but it was my destiny to be un-
fortunate! Alas!
Jack Kracksby, finding that he could not
laugh me out of my resolution, or even come
round to me, and agreed to help me on in my
road to matrimony. Under his directions I
discarded my stuff colored coat and bright
steel buttons, and had my hair tortured into
beautiful curls. I suffered a moustache to
grow upon my upper lip, and altogether became
quite an altered gentleman in appearance though
I could never understand why a man is not as
well as well to wear a wife in a snuff colored coat
and his hair combed straight on his forehead,
as in a tight frock, and a head curled and bears'
greased as mine was after it came out of the
hands of Kracksby's barber. "Now then,"
quoth Jack, "you must cut your fire-side and
your lonely walks on the banks of the Regent's
Canal, and frequent balls, the opera, and thea-
tres."

"What," cried I, "I go to balls and operas?"

"Positively," responded Jack.

"Why, I've not danced since I was a boy of
eighteen."

"No matter, you can look about you, talk
and so forth."

And so Jack took me about with him, and
though I felt embarrassed at first, my actually
good taste overcame my *mauvais honte*, and I
began to relish my new sort of life amazingly.
"What a fool I used to be," I often said to
myself. "Shut up in my little drawing-room
all the winter, and tramping up and down the
Regent's Canal, looking and thinking poetical-
ly of skies and water, and all the summer
months! What pursuits for a man of taste
and a gentleman!"

I was particularly unfortunate in my attach-
ments. Being of a very susceptible tempera-
ment, I could not but be fascinated by the stars
of the fashionable world that met my eyes where-
soever I turned. I was struck twenty times in
the course of a single night, and generally
when I came to make inquiries respecting the
charmers that had interested me, I had the
misfortune to find that they were either mar-
ried already, or about to bestow their hand
upon some one earlier in the field than myself.
Ah, thought I, when those discoveries were
made, "Ah, I was born to be unfortunate."

Once my friend Jack introduced me to a
remarkably lovely young lady. I was enrapt-
ured with her, and she seemed vastly pleased
with my attentions. I exerted myself very
forcibly in a thousand ways to win her regard.
I lavished money in presents to her. I did
everything to inspire a flame similar to that I
felt burning within myself. But, alas! on the
very day that (having gathered sufficient cour-
age) I had resolved upon asking the question,
"Will you do me the honor to become my wife?"
I was informed that my friend Jack had been
laid up by a puppy of an officer of the Lancers!
Wasn't that provoking!

The course of love never runs smooth, and
I am sure I experienced all its roughness; I
was very melancholy. I met with nothing in
my inquiries but wives and finances and co-
quettes. I thought to be sure there was not a
single young lady to be obtained! I began to
think of returning to my fireside and summer
solitary rambles on the banks of the Regent's
Canal. But just as I was making up my
mind fate threw in my way a charmer of ex-
ceeding great attraction. She was an heiress
without imbecility, and without a single fol-
lower. I was lucky enough to fall in the way
of this splendid creature, at the house of one
of my fashionable friends, whither Jack Krack-
sby led me, one evening, when, overpowered by
envy, I was thinking whether I had not better
take a dose, and a journey after a wife to
Elysium! Miss Euphemia Flossville was a
fine, tall, majestic young lady, with a pair of
the finest black eyes in the world; her raven
tresses fell in clusters over a neck as white as
Parian marble; her cheeks rivalled the rose's
first blush; her voice was dulcet harmony; her
step light as the gazelle's. She was a
charming creature; considering my own di-
minutive stature I thought her very gracious in
her affability toward me. We entered into a
very animated conversation, and when the
dancing commenced, Miss Euphemia preferred
promenading with me to joining in the mazy
twirl of the *valzer*. Several remarkably fine
young men, and Kracksby among the number,
endeavored to prevail upon her to dance, but
as I said, Miss Flossville preferred my con-
versation.

Full of the recollections of my former mis-
fortunes, I took the precaution to discover if
Miss Flossville was a wife of *fancie*, before I
let my heart go into the depths of love; and
judging of my nature, when I discovered that
she who rejected the offers of all the rest of
the company, at my particular request, was
single, and her heart *unengaged*! Then I
turned up my nose at kings!

Before the evening was over, I had given
Miss Flossville a pretty clear intimation of the
state of my affections, and we had resolved on
meeting on the next night at the opera. She
expressed herself as being subject to the vexa-
tious vigilance of an elderly maiden aunt, who
was constantly lecturing her upon the folly of
love, and advising her with all the earnestness
she could, never to think of base and cruel
man. I suppose the elderly lady thought them
base and cruel solely because they had neglect-
ed her.

Kracksby congratulated me on my conquest.
"Now, my dear Simon," he exclaimed, "Now,
my boy, thou shalt have a wife!"
"In good sooth, I hope so," said I.
"She's a beauty!" ejaculated my friend.
"She's a divine!" cried I. "Were all the
beauties of the earth congregated together,
and I had power to make my selection there-
from, I would prefer Euphemia Flossville, to
live or die for her!"

"Bravo!" cried Kracksby, and he clapped
his hands like a vulgar man in a theatre.
"Bravo, Simon, you are progressing!"
I feel myself a man!
Euphemia and I met very frequently after
that, and I declared my passion as boldly as
my constitutional bashfulness would permit
me; that is to say, I often whispered to her
that I had a great respect for her, and suffered
my eyes to tell the rest.

It happened that our being so frequently
together attracted the attention of my char-
acter's virago of an aunt, who had threatened to
take her down into Cornwall, and therefore
Euphemia considered it would be better if we
were not to meet so often, but correspond by
letter, and asked me if I had not a friend in
whom I could confide. My feelings instantly
suggested Kracksby. "Yes, my respected
Miss Flossville," I exclaimed, "I have a friend,
a dear and true one. Dr. Kracksby will be
our messenger." Euphemia, though she smiled
at the mention of Jack's name, nevertheless
agreed to his being the medium of communi-
cation, and thus our fears of being separated
were removed. It was an excellent thought,
because Jack was the medical attendant of the
family.

"Be cautious and discreet, my dear Jack,"
said I to him, when I promulgated the matter.
"Remember, Euphemia is an heiress of thirty
thousand pounds."

"The deuce!" quoth Kracksby.
"Verily," responded I; and Jack promised
to do his duty by me and execute his work
carefully and promptly.

And Jack did do his work. I continued to
see and receive letters from my Euphemia,
and I wrote replies which Jack very faithfully
conveyed forward to her. I was able to say
more upon paper than I could by word of
mouth, and frequently I expressed my senti-
ments very warmly. Jack rose in my estima-
tion very much, because he was so ready to
act as messenger; indeed, he was at me
almost every hour in the day to know whether
I had not a letter for Miss Flossville. Indeed,
he intimated once or twice that there was no
necessity for my appearing in the business at
all, until the wedding day should arrive. "Be-
lieve me, my dear Simon," he would say,
"believe me, my dear Simon, I will do your
business as well as you could do it yourself;
steer clear of the old lady, for she's terribly
embittered against you, and roars that if you
come near the house, she'll spirit Euphemia
off to Cornwall immediately." This was
enough to prevail upon so generous a minded
person as myself. I could not bear the idea of
sacrificing the happiness of Euphemia, and,
therefore, I kept as much out of the way as I
could, and corresponded with that interesting
young lady by means of Kracksby. Thus our
wooing went on, and I thought myself attain-
ing the pinnacle of bliss.

One evening, however, when I had made
an appointment to meet Euphemia at a fash-
ionable party, in order to arrange matters for
our wedding, for I began to grow anxious for
that happy event, she disappointed me. The hours
drew on, but no Euphemia came; my heart
grew sick, I could not mingle in the gay and
festive scene, I could not dance, I could not
talk, I could do nothing. Ten, eleven, twelve
o'clock came, but no Euphemia! I retired
from the house, mournful and melancholy, and
made the best of my way to the house of her
whom I adored. Lights were moving about in
all directions, and the street being remark-
ably still, I could hear that the house was
in confusion. Horrors came over me! I felt
an indescribable sensation. Strange ideas
possessed my mind; it seemed to me a pre-
sentiment; my knees knocked together, my
teeth chattered. "Merciful powers!" said I
to myself, "Euphemia is ill! Perhaps, Euphe-
mia is dead!"

I stood, as it were, paralyzed and fixed to
the spot. I could not move! Clogs of iron
seemed riveted to my feet. Still the noise
in the house was going on, and lights were
moving about. My mind was so disordered that
I could not tell whether the sounds were those
of bewailing or rejoicing; my head swam; I
felt dizzy; my feelings overpowered me! I
beheld in my imagination the lovely creature
whom I was to have met at the hall, stretched
on the bed of death! I saw an end, sud-
denly put to my highest dream of happiness!
At length, summoning courage, I resolved to
know the worst. I could not bear the state of
uncertainty in which I remained. I rushed
up the door steps, and with feverish anxiety
knocked at the door. The knock was unheard,
in consequence of the tumult within. Again
I knocked, but with no better success; the din
and confusion within drowned the sound of the
knocker. A third time I made an essay to be
heard, and rapped with such fury that in less
than two seconds a brace of powdered lacqueys
threw open the hall door, and remained staring
at my haggard visage.

"Where—where," I gasped, "is Euphe-
mia?"
The lacqueys made no reply, but stood star-
ing at me still.
"Is Miss Euphemia Flossville dead?" I
cried, with frantic impatience.
"No," was the reply.
"Is she sick?"
"No."
"Where is she?—what is the meaning of
this confusion?"

"Oh," growled out one of the powdered fel-
lows, "she was married to Dr. Kracksby this
morning!"
CURING UP A DANDY.—A Dandy in Broad-
way, wishing to be witty, accosted the old
bellman as follows:—"You take all sorts of
trumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Yes!"
jump in, jump in."

Anecdote of the Revolution.

The following is a bona fide fact, taken
without emendation from the life of a mother
in the days of the American Revolution. It
will show that there was an anti-British spirit
in the women as well as the men of '76. I
hope all the girls in the Union will read it,
though I am afraid that some of them, espe-
cially in large cities, will need a dictionary to
find out the meaning of the terms wheel, loom,
&c. The first is the name of an old fashioned
piano with one string, the other is a big house
organ with but few stops. But to the story.

Late in the afternoon of one of the last days
in May, '76, when I was a few months short
of 15 years old, notice came to Townsend,
Massachusetts, where my father used to live,
that fifteen soldiers were wanted.

The training band was instantly called out,
and my brother, next older than I, was one that
was selected. He did not return till late at
night, when all were in bed. When I rose in
the morning I found my mother in tears, who
informed me that my brother John was to
march the day after to-morrow morning at sun-
rise. My father was at Boston, in the Mas-
sachusetts Assembly. Mother said that though
John was supplied with summer clothes, he
must be away seven or eight months; and
would suffer for want of winter garments.
There were at this time no stores, and no ar-
ticles to be had except such as each family
would make itself. The sight of mother's
tears always brought all the hidden strength
of the body and mind to action. I immedi-
ately asked what garment was needful. She re-
plied "pantaloon."

"O! if that is all," said I, "we will spin
and weave him a pair before he goes."
"Tut," said my mother, "the wool is on
the sheep's back, and the sheep are in the pas-
ture."

I immediately turned to a younger brother
and bade him take a salt dish and call them to
the yard.
Mother replied, "poor child, there are no
sheep shears within three miles and a half."

"I have some small shears at the loom,"
said I.
"But we can't spin and weave it in so short
a time."

"I am certain we can, mother."
"How can you weave it?—there is a long
web of linen in the loom."

"No matter, I can find an empty loom."
By this time the sound of the sheep made me
quicken my steps towards the yard. I re-
quested my sister to bring me the wheel and
cards while I went for the wool. I went into
the yard with my brother, and secured a white
sheep, from which I sheared, with my loom
shears, half enough for a web; and let her go
with the rest of the fleece. I sent the wool in
with my sister. Luther ran for a black sheep,
and held her while I cut off wool for my filling
and half the warp, and then we allowed her to
go with the remaining part of the fleece.

The wool thus obtained was duly carded
and spun, washed, sized, and dried; a loom
was found a few doors off, the web got in,
wove, and prepared, cut and made two or three
hours before the brother's departure—that is
to say, in forty hours from the commencement,
without help from any modern invention.

The good old lady closed by saying, "I
felt no weariness, I wept not, I was serving
my country. I was relieving poor mother, I
was preparing a garment for my darling brother."

"The garment being finished, I retired and
wept till my overcharged and bursting heart
was relieved."

This brother was, perhaps, one of Gen.
Stark's soldiers, and with such a spirit to go
with, need we wonder that Burgoyne did not
execute his threat of marching through the
heart of America.

THE GREAT MASTER WORKMAN. God unites
in his being all the laudable pursuits and labors
of man. He is himself boss-workman and head
of each art and profession. He is the great
mechanic, for he made man himself and breath-
ed into him life and love beyond the power of
imitation. He originated immutable laws;
created the healing herb and imparts the skill
to apply it; furnishes the materials and imparts
the skill that combines and manufactures them
into other forms and for various uses. He
plants and waters that the fields may bring forth
fruit to flowers, and in all these labors man is
permitted and invited to be his agent and co-
worker. And in saying one to another, my
profession, my employment is more honorable
or laudable than yours, men scoff at Omnipot-
ence and demean the attributes of God, the
great Lawgiver, Physician, Agriculturist and
Mechanic.

There is one labor, one profession only,
to which God has affixed the seal of nobility—on
which he has conferred peculiar honors: It
is the labor of love; and as if to teach beyond
dispute, the perfect equality of all men, he has
appointed each to this trade by indentures in-
nate and inseparable from his being. The
cares and expression of love are necessary to
his existence, and more so to his happiness.
"Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and
thy neighbor as thyself," is the first lesson of
the Master; and daily, hourly does he scatter
beautiful patterns of this great art in profusion
upon the stands of his apprentices in this glo-
rious workshop. He has given them a guide
too, in which they may refer if their ears are
too heavy and their eyes too dim to perceive
clearly the delicate mechanism of the craft;
and to stimulate them to the attainment of the
greatest possible skill, he promises crowns, king-
doms, and immortal glory and honor in the
skies. [Laborer.]

AN AFFECTIONATE SPIRIT.—We sometimes
meet with men who seem to think that any in-
dulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness.
They will return from a journey and greet
their families with a distant dignity, and move
among their children with the cold and lofty
splendor of an iceberg, surrounded with his
broken fragments. There is hardly a more
unnatural sight on earth than one of these fam-
ilies without a heart.

A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes
than to take away his heart. Who that has
experienced the joys of friendship, and knows
the worth of sympathy and affection, would not
rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's
scenery, than to be robbed of the hidden treas-
ures of his heart? Who would not rather bury
his wife than bury his love for her? Who
would not rather follow his child to the grave
than to embomb his parental affection?

Cherish then your heart's best affections.—
Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of
filial, parental, and fraternal love. Think it
not a weakness. God is love. Love God,
love every body, and every thing that is love-
ly. Teach your children to love; to love the
rose, to love the robin, to love their parents,
to love their God. Let it be the studied object
of their domestic culture, to give them warm
hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole
family together by these strong cords. You
cannot make them too numerous. You can-
not make them too strong. Religion is love—
love to God—love to man.

THE UNBELIEVER.—I pity the unbeliever—
one who can gaze upon the grandeur, the glory,
and beauty of the natural universe, and behold
not the touches of his finger, who is over, and
with, and above all;—from my very heart I do
commiserate his condition. The unbeliever!
on whose intellect the light of revelation never
penetrated; who can gaze upon the sun, moon,
and stars, and upon the unfading and imperish-
able sky, spread out so magnificently above
him, and say all this is the work of chance.—
The heart of such a being is a dull and cheer-
less void. In him, mind—the godlike gift of
intellect—is debased, destroyed; all is dark—
a fearful chaotic labyrinth—rayless, cheerless,
hopeless! No gleam of light from heaven pen-
etrates the blackness of the horrible delusion!
no voice from the Eternal bids the desponding
heart rejoice! No fancied tones from the harp
of seraphim arouse the dull spirit from its leth-
argy, or allay the consuming fever of the brain.
The wreck of mind is utterly remediless; reason
is prostrate; and passion, prejudice, and
superstition, have reared their temple on the
ruins of his intellect. I pity the unbeliever. What
to him is the revelation from on high, but a sealed
book? He sees nothing above, or around,
or beneath him, that evinces the existence of a
God; and he denies—yes, while standing on
the footstool of Omnipotence, and gazing upon
the dazzling throne of Jehovah, he shuts his
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